

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XVI.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 21, 1883.

NO. 51.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE BLOCK FROM CHESTNUT TO MARKET ST.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S STORE

13TH STREET TO PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

FASHIONABLE AND STAPLE DRY GOODS.

AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

THE FIRST GOLD SNAP IS OVER,

BUT WE MUST HAVE ANOTHER, AND IF

You have not bought your Winter Outfit Now is the time to visit

GRIFFITHS & CO.

ROCK HALL,

Seventh and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

WHERE MAY BE FOUND AN ELEGANT LINE OF CUSTOM AND READY-MADE GOODS

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Call and see us and we will save you from 10 to 25 per cent. on your purchases,

In both Ready-made and Custom Goods.

Our Material, our Trimmings and our Workmanship are the best!

GRIFFITHS & CO.,

Rock Hall, 7th and Market Sts.

Mr. BOYER, who is connected with the above house, will give you his personal attention.

J. F. McWHORTER,
Grain Com'n. Merchant,

AND DEALER IN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

STOREROOM IN COCHRAN BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

The Middletown Agency for the following well tried Agricultural Implements:

THE DEERING SELF-BINDING HARVESTER

THE OLDEST SELF-BINDER, and one that has never failed. Gave entire satisfaction last season to all who tried it. SIZES—6, 7 and 8 feet.

Edmonston & Waddell Sulky Cultivator,

Over 100 sold in this neighborhood this year.

One-horse Iron-edge Cultivators; the Syracuse and South Bend Plows;

also, extras including.

Solid SLIP SHARE FOR ALL PLOWS, (exclusive agency for Middletown and vicinity).

VANWINKLE GRAIN FAN AND PENNOCK CORN SHELTER.

THOMPSON HORSE RAKE, 5 feet Wheel, cannot be excelled for bunching and raking.

Rubber and Leather Belting, and Rubber Hose, of all styles furnished cheap.

Farmers who purchase machines of me will find them to be as represented.

N. B. AGENTS FOR GILL & FISHER, EUROPEAN SHIPPERS, PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE.

Grain Wanted at all times. Mch16-1f.

Oysters! Oysters!!

I shall now keep constantly on hand the best Oysters that can be found in market.

Morris River Cove Plants,

FOR PLANTING AND FRUITING.

Tangier Sounds,

AND

Johnson's Bays,

FOR STEWING AND GENERAL FAMILY USE.

Prices as low as can be found elsewhere so much for the Oyster side of the house.

The other side is devoted to

CONFECTIONS,

OF THE FINEST QUALITY;

Also, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS AND NUTS, CAKES, CRACKERS, ETC., ETC.

E. B. RICE, Agt.

Sept. 28-1f. Middletown, Del.

WEST & CARROLL!

BARR'S OLD STAND. ESTABLISHED 1844.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS!

PERFUMERY, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES, FINE SOAPS,

BRUSHES, PATENT MEDICINES, AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES GENERALLY.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

The Prescription Department will be under the care of Dr. Carroll.

BARR'S COLOGNE AND BARR'S FAMILY PILLS ALWAYS ON HAND. dec.15-4f.

IN THE LANE.

Oh, to-day at set of sun,
I was in the little lane;
And I found an empty nest,
Brimming with the last night's rain.

Oh, to-day at set of sun,
I was in the old sweet place;
But I could not hear your voice,
And I could not see your face.

—LIZZIE WOODWORTH REESE.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Came the Prince of Peace to earth.
Pale and driven, cast from Heaven,
Satan greets his humble birth:
For he knows that, undimmed,
Christ'll free the world he haunted—
He can rule no more alone:
God has blit the Savior's throne.

Men shall hope, and feel the gladness
Of a life redeemed from sadness;
Day shall take a fresher bloom,
Night itself be freed from gloom.

Death shall drop, and know the thrilling
Of the vanquished sinning will;
Christ, the Lord, doth pardon bring,
And sced at exultation bring.
Loses all its ghastly error:
Now becomes the trampling place
Where we see the Savior's face.

Angels sing, and tell the story:
Hail the King, the Lord of glory,
Hail his reign on earth begun,
Love and praise to God be sung.

—MRS. C. BALLARD, in St. Louis Magazine.

THE YULE LOG.

A Christmas in the olden time,
That makes demand on modern rhyme,
To bring back from the past, the play,
The humors, merriment, and merriment;
The laughter, and the Christmas cheer,
That echoed here from sea to sea;
When folk on all the country side
Made merry at the Christmastide.

How can we sing it?—When it seems
That Christmas only lives in dreams;
When centuries bitterly have said:
That Christmas merriment is dead;
That Christmas merriment is dead;
As foolish customs of old days,
Ah me! There is not too much merriment
To cheer us on this dreary earth.

Despite their ancers, with all good will
We'll try to keep our Christmas still;
Be ours to cherish while they last
Traditions of the buried past;
And though the silent tears may flow
For those who left us long ago;
See how the children fresh from school
Bring in the honored logs of yule.

MR. CHIRUPP'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

Mr. Chirrup was glum. Any one else, any one with a less amiable disposition, that, would have been "cross" under the same provocation.

But Mr. Chirrup was never cross, and he was seldom "glum."

However, when it comes to the day before Christmas and you have no money to buy your wife a Christmas gift, or anything to put in the children's stockings, and no prospective turkey, or mince-pie and plum-pudding for your Christmas dinner, you are excusable for being glum.

So, at least, thought Mr. Chirrup, as he sat looking out of the window of Lawyer Ledgerly's office, where he was employed at a by-no-means-extravagant salary. Lawyer Ledgerly was ill—"too ill to be seen," his mother-in-law said. So there was no hope of anticipating his next quarrel's salary, as he had sometimes done on similar pressing occasions.

For Mr. Chirrup's salary was so small and his family so large, it was not much wonder there was usually some difficulty in making the salary stretch from one quarter's end to another.

All these things Mr. Chirrup pondered as he sat looking out of the window in Lawyer Ledgerly's office, which was on Fifth street, just opposite Union Market. And our hero—if little Mr. Chirrup can be called any body's hero—grew glummer than ever, and beat the "Devil's tattoo" on the window-sill, as glum people usually do. For the sight of the market-stalls crowded with Christmas luxuries, was not exactly calculated to cheer up a man in Mr. Chirrup's circumstances.

He was still gazing moodily at the well-filled market-stalls, at the crowds of people, jostling and elbowing each other, when he suddenly started and peered sharply from under his eye brows, as if he had seen some one he knew.

That short, sleek-looking gentleman in the nobby hat and overcoat, with a huge market-basket in one hand, and a gold-headed cane in the other. Surely that was Mr. Chirrup's elder brother, Rothschild!

As he made the discovery, Mr. Chirrup—Mr. Rothschild Chirrup that is—was evidently pricing a turkey; a monster turkey it was, too, the biggest that Mr. Chirrup—either of the Mr. Chirrups—had seen in the market. And the would-be purchaser held it up, punched it, turned it around and held it up again for all the world as if he were exhibiting it for the benefit of his brother, looking glumly down from the window opposite.

But in reality he was only deciding in his own mind that this was really the biggest, the plumpest, the tenderest and most tempting-looking fowl he had seen yet, and therefore he would take it. And plump it went, forthwith, into Mr. Rothschild Chirrup's huge market-basket, which seemed yawning to receive it.

Mr. Chirrup—our Mr. Chirrup this time, came as near sneering as he had ever done in his life, when the turkey disappeared in his brother's basket. For a bitter estrangement had existed between the two brothers from time immemorial—or thereabouts.

"No doubt he can buy turkeys," thought Mr. Chirrup—Caleb's name was. "No doubt he can buy turkeys, and celery, too." For a big bunch of celery, large enough for a winter bouquet, had followed the mammoth turkey to its hiding-place.

"And if there's one thing I like better than another, it's celery," thought Mr. Caleb Chirrup, trying very hard to look crabbed and revengeful, but not succeeding very well. However, he did manage to look quite savage and resentful for him, which is saying a good deal.

Mr. Rothschild, in the meantime, pursued the even, but pompous, tenor

of his way through the crowd which jostled him on every side. Now and then he stopped at the best-filled stalls, and added relays of vegetables and other articles to the contents of his roomy basket.

Bunches of ripe bananas, dozens of golden-rind oranges and lemons, "scuds" of candied and cakes, and other indigestible compounds, also disappeared in the same ample receptacle.

"Humph! I trust the little Rothschilds have well-seasoned stomachs to dispose of all that trash," thought Mr. Caleb, sarcastically. Though in reality he could not have told whether his brother was a bachelor or a Benedict, so long had been the feud between them. And then, Mr. Caleb Chirrup's humble abode was many, many blocks removed from the aristocratic precincts of "West End," where his brother resided.

The elder Chirrup—for Mr. Rothschild was the elder—seemed at last to have completed his purchase of edibles, and paused in front of a flower-stall, where he selected a pot of crimson and white chrysanthemums.

"The very pot," thought Mr. Caleb, glumly, "that I picked out over a month ago, as a Christmas present for poor Patty."

Mr. Rothschild, however, deposited his purchase in the basket, and trudged away, in blissful ignorance of the shabbily dressed brother, glowering at him from the window across the street.

"What—what's this?"

Mr. Caleb Chirrup had ascended to the two second-story rooms he called home, had kissed his wife and babies, shook hands with his sister-in-law, and had hung up his hat and overcoat, preparatory to eating his supper.

There were no signs of glumness here, for Mrs. Patty and her sister, Miss Melissa, looked cheerful and smiling, and wore their faded print dresses as if they had come from the richest silk-booms of the East.

And the young Chirrups had clean faces and plump, and looked as happy as if "Santa Claus" was not intending to give their stockings the "go-by" on that particular Christmas Eve.

But Mr. Chirrup still felt a little glum, as he thought of the empty stockings and other vexations, and he turned to the tea-table in some impatience. But—"What's this?" he demanded, starting back as if a snake had bitten him. And no wonder he started, for on the table lay a mammoth turkey, plump and yellow-breasted, squads of vegetables, bunches of celery, dozens of ripe bananas, golden-rind oranges and lemons, piles of candies and confectioneries, and, fragrant and blooming, a pot of crimson and white chrysanthemums; a familiar-looking market-basket also stood on a chair by the table.

Mr. Chirrup was about to pinch himself, to see if he was awake, when "Merry Christmas, brother Caleb," sounded in his ear, and forth from some mysterious corner came Mr. Rothschild Chirrup himself, sleek and well-kept looking—nobby hat, gold-headed cane and all! "Merry Christmas, brother Caleb," he repeated, extending a well-kept hand. "I've been waiting all these years for you to make some advances towards a truce. But since you still remain adamant, I concluded to make them myself. So let by-gones be by-gones, if you are willing, and let us be friends hereafter, as well as brothers."

Then turning to the table, he held up the fat turkey, turning it round and round, just as he had done on the market.

"A fine fellow, isn't he? I got the biggest I could find in the market, on purpose for you," he added. "And the pot of flowers is a peace-offering to my sister-in-law, if she will accept it," he added, while Caleb still looked on, half dazed.

And the children's stockings were not destined to hang empty after all, that Christmas Eve.

And a better Christmas dinner, or a jollier party to eat it, was not found anywhere that Christmas Day. For Mr. Rothschild Chirrup proved to be an old bachelor, and so very willingly accepted an invitation to dine at his brother's. And Mrs. Chirrup's sister, Miss Melissa, being an old maid, she and Mr. Rothschild very romantically fell in love with each other, and when another Christmas Day came around Mr. Rothschild was no longer a bachelor, and Miss Melissa no longer an old maid.

And when Lawyer Ledgerly grew well enough "to be seen" again, he was obliged to provide himself with another clerk, as Mr. Caleb had gone into partnership with his brother in the mercantile business.—Frank Leslie's.

Mr. ALLERTON, whose \$5,000,000 were made as a cattle dealer, is mentioned by his Chicago acquaintances as "Sam." "The dear old fellow," said Emory A. Storrs the other day, "has instinct for discovering people who are in trouble. I was once riding with him in a railroad coach and caught him watching a young, plainly-dressed woman who sat ahead of us. 'Storrs,' said he, 'that woman ain't got no money.' 'How do you know?' I asked. 'I've watched her each time we've stopped for meals and she didn't get out. She didn't eat nothing, either.' The next stopping place for meals Allerton addressed her in his blunt, fatherly way. Nobody could misinterpret his motives. He saw that the young woman was well taken care of until the journey was over." Similar anecdotes by the score are told of the millionaire, once a bare-footed plowboy.

ALL DONE BY WIRE.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE BROUGHT ABOUT BY ELECTRICITY—SOMETHING NEW AND ENTERPRISING IN THE COURTSHIP LINE.

Several years ago there died in St. John, N. B., a manufacturer of paper boxes. The deceased was named Odell, and, after his estate was settled up, mortgages satisfied, and lawyers paid, the widow found herself without money enough to live except in the most meager manner. She had one child. The child was a daughter, whose name was Minnie A. J., and in order to aid her mother, the young lady undertook to learn telegraphy. She mastered the art, and in a year was engaged by the Western Union Company at St. John. She remained in the company's employ with satisfaction for a year without anything happening to change the current of her easy and uneventful life, until about eighteen months ago. At that time a man went into the sub-office where she was employed to send a message to North York, Texas.

The young lady took it and transmitted it to its destination. The operator at North York, who received it, also had a history. He was a young man, whose father was a Virginia slave-holder and a colonel in the confederate army. His name was Allingham, and he was killed during the war, leaving a widow and a young son. Young Allingham, whose name is Henry H., by a peculiar coincidence chose telegraphy, as Miss Odell had chosen it, more from necessity than inclination. He received the message which was sent by the young lady from St. John, and something in the mechanics of its translation attracted his attention. He telegraphed back to know who was sending it. The answer was returned: "A young lady." With natural gallantry young Allingham replied: "You send well." Not to be outdone, Miss Odell replied: "And so do you." Naturally, and just as two persons would fall into a conversation in a parlor after an introduction, the St. John young lady and the North York young man fell into a conversation over the wires. They described the places where they lived, they told who they were and many other things. In time the wire from St. John, when the Texas operator felt that it was noticed, was pretty much always "hitched on" to the wire from St. John, when the Texas operator had nothing else to do. In like manner it was observed the St. John young lady was talking very frequently with the other end, almost, of the antipodes. This thing, after several months, became alarmingly frequent. The North York young man called on the young lady in St. John before breakfast (by wire).

He called her up at mid-day to take lunch with him (by wire), and in the evening he sat on a sofa with her, clasping her fair form with his sturdy right arm, and pressing her heaving bosom against his starched shirt-front (by wire). These devoted attentions possessed the advantage, at least, of being prompt, and one may believe it or not—the sequel proves its truth—the St. John damsel and the North York youth fell in love (by wire). It was in the nature of the case that photographs should be exchanged. Here the far-separated couple were obliged to waive the use of the wire and employ mails. The letters which accompanied the interchange of photographs were the only ones which the pair ever wrote to each other. They acknowledged their receipt by wire, and for some months after their loves ripened along over the wire. As easily as though it were done in the parlor of her mother's home, Miss Odell last September received what she had long expected and hoped for. Over the wire from young Allingham came the question: "Will you be mine?" Answer was returned in the affirmative by wire, and the happy day was set for November 26. Several messages passed by wire as to where the wedding should take place, and as Mrs. Odell could not travel to Texas, it was finally decided to split the distance and meet at a point mid-way. The point selected was Chicago, and on November 24th a motherly old lady and a bright, vivacious girl, with brown eyes and wavy, golden hair, appeared at the Briggs House and registered as "Mrs. Odell and daughter, St. John." On the 26th a good-looking young man, with a sun-browned face and an easy carriage registered "H. H. Allingham, North York," and inquired for Mrs. Odell and daughter. He was shown to their room, and the bell-boy who led the way tells of the meeting between the young couple who had never met, but who were soon to be man and wife.

The young lady had been anxious and impatient all day, and as the brown-faced young man entered Mrs. Odell's door, the young lady, radiant and loving, ran forward to meet him.

"Harry!"

"Minnie!"

"I should have known you in a minute by your picture."

"And I you."

"Then," said the boy, "she jumped into his arms and he gave her a hug like a bear, and then the door closed and I had to go down stairs without seeing the fun."

A few hours later the Rev. Mr. Burrows, a Presbyterian clergyman, was summoned. All the arrangements were completed, a license procured, the ring purchased, the young lady from St. John and the young gentleman from North York made one, and the sequel to the romance ended. The proprietor of the hotel gave the party a quiet little dinner, and on Tuesday Mr. Allingham took his wife to North York, and Mrs. Odell returned alone to St. John.—Exchange.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The true holiday season is now. The days of preparation are the days of joy. The fluttering anxiety of wives and mothers, the loving concealments, the sweet perplexities, the affectionate councils of the day and tender reveries of the night—these constitute the charm and delight of the ever blessed Christmas time. This awakened thoughtfulness for others, this ministrations to the happiness of others, has a divine potency to quicken, cheer and exhilarate. The most thorough-going man of business recognizes in it a subtle pleasure which he hardly knows how to analyze; it has a strange but delicate and delicious flavor, like the rarest vintage or some tender memory of days long gone. Wordsworth complains that "getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

When we consider the great material achievements that have been made under the whip and spur of a desire for self-aggrandizement, we cannot entirely join in the poet's lament, but certainly it is that the glory of this holiday time is that all classes strive to escape from the deadly blight and cancer of selfishness. How it is that the poor, the old, the feeble and the sick are specially remembered, and the young hold rapturous carnival, without care of the future. What a world of loving and lovable associations are blended with this happy season. It gives color to familiar things. It invests the homely with the hues of undying beauty. Baskets and paper boxes and wheelbarrows and ambulant drawers acquire mystical importance and are invested with ambassadorial qualities. Everywhere in town, village and hamlet, and in remote farm houses, there is a subdued din of solicitous provision and provision for one heart season in the circling year.

How utterly the season has identified itself with pictures and scenes that bring pleasure and solace. Happy rides, gift boxes, trinkets, the decorated tree, the clamor of joyous children, the hospitalities of the table, song and rippling chat and good cheer, a veritable, hearty, and friendly time of real fellowship, with an undercurrent of pathos, for there are eyes that survey these glad scenes with thoughts that "Life too deep for tears," thoughts of far away holiday times, far away faces that were once so loving, far away voices that once held the heart in deathless custody. What can the coldly eloquent preachers of the gospel of materialism offer at Christmas time to those who will not make their loved and lost ones dead forever?

Yes, it is the season to have reunions of those connected by ties of blood or amity; The season to refresh one's self with the poets, the story writers: it is the season of Dickens, Farjeon and Hans Andersen: it is the season to bring forth the old love letters and the faded daguerotypes; it is the season to rejoice with the girls and boys in their hilarities, and, above all, the season to recall, and it may be, realize that time when

War or battle's sound
Was heard the world around—
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spoke not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

Wrangle as men may about the divine origin and essence of Christ, His mission and His work were worthy of God. It is a fit and noble thing to set apart to His honor a time in which men and women shall interchange kindly offices and hold happy and unselfish communion. Let the iconoclasts strike where they will, they cannot imperil Christmas. Childhood will throw its fair young arms about the day and bid radiant defiance to its foes.

And so we bid one and all a happy, happy holiday.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Hissing among men is nowhere confined to the expression of displeasure and contempt, and in some places has positively the very opposite signification. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished: in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in their assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush" with which we command silence. Nor need we go out of Europe to find other modifications of meaning for this unpleasant sound. We are all familiar enough with the hiss by which dogs are incited to fight and cats are driven away, with the hiss that calls the *garçon*, and the hiss that soothes a horse while he is being groomed.—Exchange.

"A pretty little story is told," says a Newport correspondent, "of the Earl and Countess Rosebery, who were here a short time since. A day or two before their wedding took place Miss Rothschild asked the young Earl what he would like for a wedding present from her. 'Oh,' he replied, 'suppose you give me a box of gloves.' The box of gloves was sent enclosed in an elegant mail case. On opening the box the Earl discovered an envelope addressed to him in a well known hand. He expected it contained a dainty little note. It did, but not the sort of note he imagined. The contents of the envelope was a check written out and signed by Miss Rothschild, and in favor of the Earl and was for the modest little sum of \$1,000,000."

PENNY CUPS of coffee, three-cent steaks and five-cent chops are features of New York Italian restaurant bills of fare.

It is estimated that 7,000,000 envelopes a day are made in the United States.

DROVE HIM AWAY.

AN OLD MAN WHO DID NOT LIKE MUSIC AND POETRY.

Joshua Peterson, a colored man, who directly after the war recognized the importance of educating his children, sent his daughter to a refined school where she graduated with distinction. Shortly after she returned home, a smooth-looking barber began to visit her. One day she went out to the field where her father was gathering corn and calling the old man said:

"Father."

"Yes, child," stopping with an ear of corn in his hand.

"Has Mr. Sheppard seen you?"

"Doan know whud'er he's seed me er not, but I doan think dat I see seed him."

"Well, father, Mr. Sheppard is my lover and I didn't know but he had come to ask you for me."

"Dis is news ter me," said the old man, turning the ear of corn around;

"whut sorter man is he, child?"

"A nice man, pa."

"An' do he know how ter take kere o' a wife?"

"Oh, yes, pa."

"Whut ken he do?"

"Oh, he can do anything. He writes such delightful poetry."

"Uh, huh; wall, whut else ken he do?"

"Why, he sings charmingly."

"He do, do he; whut else?"

"He is also an excellent scholar. He was educated at a college."

"Dat a fact? Fine man ain't he?"

"Oh, he's a wonderful man."

"I see gl' o' it."

"And he's so high-toned, too."

"W'y dat fills me wid joy."

"Yes, he is such an elegant conversationalist," said the delighted girl.

"I see monstrous proud o' dat fact," replied the old man, throwing the ear of corn on the pile. "I see arders been afeard dat yer wouldn't marry dat sorter man."

"I am so glad to hear you speak so, father, and I know James will thank you from the bottom of his heart."

"Yes, child, yes. Whut udder numerations is de young man got?"

"You should say whut other accomplishments, Father."

"Uh, huh, dat's so. Forgot my g'og'rafy dat time."

"Your grammar, you mean, father."

"Yes, child, my grammar. Man's knowledge o' de polar circles sometimes slips up on him."

"Oh yonder he is at the house, father. Come, I want you to meet him. I know that you have seen him many a time, but I want you to meet him as my accepted suitor, and to tell him how glad you will be to welcome him to your family."

The old fellow accompanied his daughter to the house. The girl proudly presented her lover.

"Done gederin' yer corn yit?" the old negro asked.

"Why, my dear sir, I have no corn to gather."

"Put up yer faterin' hogs yit?"

"I have no fattening hogs," the astonished young man replied.

"Uh, huh. Dun sowed yer wheat I reckon?"

"My dear sir, I have no wheat to sow."

"Uh, huh. Got through wid yer fall plowin'?"

"Father," said the girl, "he is not a farmer."

"Uh, huh. Whut does he do?"

"I am a barber, sir."

"Uh, huh. Shaves I reckon. Wall, I'd like fur yer ter shave my mule. He's got suthin' de matter wid his har. Airt'er dat, come here, an' I'll gin yer de wust thrashin' yer eber had. I'll larn yer ter write po'try an' sing. Come er singin' 'roun' heah any mo' an' I'll fling yer ober de fence 'mung de hogs. I un'erstands yer. Knoekin' 'roun' heah jes' ter get me ter s'port yer. Go on away, de faster de better. Talk ter me 'bout a nigger whut sings an' writes po'try."—Arkansas Traveler.

MISS SABRA GIBBS, whose residence at Norwood, R. I., goes beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, has according to the record, finished her 100th year. She lives alone, does all her own housework, saves wood for her own fire, and brings it on her back from the woods. She is a constant reader of the Bible and religious books, reads without glasses, and is always ready to expatiate upon any passage of scripture which she often does to those gathered around her. She is the last of her generation. She has buried two sisters, Esther dying at the age of 100 years, and Hannah at nearly the same age.

JEFFERSON DAVIS now figures as a humorist. A Cincinnati editor wrote to him not long ago, trying to establish relationship. Mr. Davis replied: "Some years ago a correspondent endeavored to trace my relationship to King George III., connecting therewith a theory that the writer and myself were the proper heirs to a large fortune in England. I replied that I must surrender all claim to the fortune, being quite

Script

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 21, 1883.

THE NEW.

So you're the new I used to know
When I was twenty years old,
And that was twenty years ago.
Lord! how the time has flown,
I used to take you for my own,
And kiss you for your mother's sake,
But now—oh!—yes, dear me, dear me,
The time has changed and no mistake.
I used to love your sister Kate,
What nonsense! Well, perhaps you're right.
But she—she—she wouldn't wait,
She didn't treat me fairly, quite.
I really think she might have married
As long as I remained alive!
But no—she basely went and married,
And joined the matrimonial throng.
And now she has two lovely boys,
That fill her heart with joy and cheer,
And all the neighborhood with noise.
Well, times have changed and no mistake.
So you're the girl I used to kiss—
Ah, yes! I mentioned that before.
Strange our loves were never true,
Until they were gone for evermore.
That reminds me of some fancies
That seemed so proper to you,
Of dawning love, of waking dances,
Blush cheeks fresh with morning dew.
The virgin days, that all that sort of thing—
O Lord! my brain in such a maze!
Here—want you wear this diamond ring?
Engaged to him? That fellow youth?
Well! Oh, my heart's too old to break;
But I will wear a diamond ring—
Times have changed; badly, no mistake.
—LIFE.

CHIPS.

They who work best talk the least.
Stare you while down your back;
What you've done is—Great Harle.
—Bret Harte.

The Racine Journal has an editorial
headed "The Poet Burns." We knew
the poem often did, but had no idea
that the poet did.—Peck's Sun.

A man may have to walk a mile to
take the cars in the United States, but
yet only have to go to his neighbor's
hen roost to take a Cochon China.—
Marathon Independent.

"Nothing succeeds like success" and
nothing draws like a free show.—
Middleton Transcript. We judge brother
Way has never monkeyed with a must-
ard plaster.—Marathon Independent.

A New York "society" young lady,
who heard Matthew Arnold's first lec-
ture, says she doesn't think much of his
abilities as an orator, but she can recom-
mend his writing fluid.—Elevated Railway
Journal.

A man's brain weighs three and a half
pounds. A woman's is somewhat
lighter, but of finer quality. That is
what enables her to taste hard in her
neighbor's pastry.—Rockland Courier-
Gazette.

The drinking of hot water is recom-
mended as a health invigorator. It is
an excellent tonic, if a couple of
lumps of white sugar, a small piece of
lemon-peel, a little nutmeg and Scotch
whisky be added.—Chicago Sun.

It is the fashion to use one perfume
only. Thus one girl always uses violet,
another roses, etc. By this plan a
young man's mother soon learns to dis-
tinguish at a smell which young lady
her boy spent the evening with.—Phila-
delphia Call.

"Cheek" is being played in a New
York theatre, and a representative
from the hayseed district who was in-
formed by the map in the box-office
that a first-class seat would cost him
\$2.00, concluded that the exhibition at
the ticket-office was about as satis-
fying as anything he could see inside.
—Yonkers Statesman.

A magazine writer says that "women
with a purpose, women in earnest,
have a noticeable lack of charm."
That depends. If a young woman has
a "purpose" to say "yes" when her
young man proposes and is in "earnest"
about it, she has more charm, in his
eyes, than at any other period in her
life.—Norristown Herald.

The latest deliverance on etiquette is
that you must not kiss the bride. As
it is becoming the custom to have four
or five bridesmaids, and there are no
restrictions on kissing them, the matter
will not cause much commotion.
There is no objection to the lady guests
kissing the groom, however, provided
the bride does not know of it.—Oil
City Derrick.

The rippling laughter of a girl, the
blushing pleasure of a new-made bride,
the rapture of a mother as she nestles
her baby to her bosom and the smile of
pride which mingles on the face of a
father as he hears of his boy's success at
school, is as nothing to the heaven-born
gleam of joy which shoots athwart the
face of a Central-street Quaker as he finds
a forgotten dime in the pistol pocket of
his Sunday pants.—Fall River Advance.

The maddest man up to date lives in
the north part of the town. He was
pulling on his boot, the other morning,
and struck what he supposed was a
nasty, slimy snake coiled up on the sole.
He jumped two yards and kicked the
boot through a \$5 mirror and a vase val-
ued at \$16, and when his wife's scolding
came floating innocently out of the
leather, it would have demoralized a
horse jockey to hear him talk. Verily
the righteous man stands upon slippery
places.—Burlington Free Press.

There died a few days ago in England,
a woman named Sutton, a native of
Ireland, who was a master of Greek,
Latin, French, Italian, Hebrew, Arabic
and Chaldean. Just think how a
woman with all these languages at her
command would address the congregation
on a wash-day when the kitchen
chimney wouldn't draw.—Middleton
Transcript.

She was Sutton's a very remarkable
woman, and we are glad that she was
some other fellow's wife. We never
yet met a woman who couldn't,
in one language, do all the talking we
hungered for.—Fall River Advance.

QUILTED silk petticoats, in the old
Irish style, with ruffles of black Es-
curial lace, are the latest fashion. They
are worn with eider-down.

WALKING dresses of velvet are
very fashionable. This fashion is
adopted from England, where velvet
is as much worn as cloth.

AN INCIDENT IN VIRGINIA.—Our
old friend, Mr. W. W. Claughton, of
Heathsville, sheriff of Northumberland
county, Va., says: "We have many
good medicines in our parts, but nothing
which equals St. Jacobs Oil, the
Great German Remedy. My family
keep the Oil in the house at all times
and use it for almost everything that
a medicine can be used for. They claim
that it is unequalled for rheumatism
and all bodily pains.—Tappanhook,
(Va.), Tide Water Index.

Middletown Advertisements

PARROT created in Fruit, flowers
and vegetables should send to A. M.
Parry, of Palmyra, N. Y., for his 40
page catalogue of plants, trees, &c.
The drawings therein of the newer
Fruit, Grapes, Strawberries, Rasp-
berries, Blackberries, Russian Mul-
berry, &c., &c., are very fine. He also
publishes a 20 page monthly paper
The Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gard-
ner, which is exceedingly valuable, and
that now has a large circulation in
every State and Territory. However,
as he sends the catalogue and a spec-
imen copy of the paper free to all ap-
plicants, we advise our readers to send for
a copy of both and satisfy yourself as to
their value.

"A LITERARY REPUBLIC." "Fifty
millions of people, mostly fools," was
Carlyle's pointed way of putting it.
The now brilliantly successful Literary
Revolution—which a few months ago
was supposed to be permanently doomed
—assumes the opposite, that they want good
not mostly fools, but that they want good
books rather than trash, and the "Liter-
ary Republic" is the result. Every elec-
tion is a voter. ballots in the first
election are to be cast (by postal card,
before January 1, 1884. The following
are the first "candidates" for honors:
George Rawlins.—"History of the
Seven Great Monarchies of the Ancient
Eastern World." In three large 12mo.
volumes, about 2,400 pages, with pro-
fessing and fine illustrations. Price
reduced from \$18 to \$3.
John Ruskin.—"Modern Painters"
and "Stones of Venice." In five hand-
some 12mo. volumes, about 3,250 pages,
with many illustrations. Price reduced
from \$30 to \$4.

Guizot and DeWitt.—"History of
France, from the earliest times to
1848." Translated from the French.
Profusely illustrated. In five large
12mo. volumes, about 4,000 pages.
Price reduced from \$30 to \$5.
Henry van Laun.—"Complete History
of French Literature." In two large
12mo. volumes, about 1,000 pages.
Price reduced from \$7.50 to \$1.50.

The candidates stand separately.
Vote for those you want, one or all.
It will take 10,000 votes for each to
elect. The 10,000 being received, the
books described will be published dur-
ing the present winter on the terms
stated. No money asked in advance.
You can receive and examine the books
before paying for them. A specimen
number of the Irving Library, giving
samples of type, paper and other par-
ticulars, will be sent free to any ap-
plicant. Address John B. Alden, Pub-
lisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF WHITTIER.
At seventy-six years and over one
can be said to have the beauty only of
age, striking as that in Mr. Whittier's
case, with the dark eye and full beard,
where black lines still appear among
the silver, while his form is as straight
and his step as firm and elastic as
ever. But the poet's youthful beauty
is reported to have been extraordinary;
very tall, erect, and well knit, with fine
features, dark skin, and a flashing,
deep-set black eye, he could not have
looked the Quaker to any extent; and
in fact we think he is more of a Quaker
in habit and affection than anything
else. He has himself recognized that
"Over restless wings of song
His bright spirit hung loose."
and even though he clings to the forms
of the sect in many respects, using the
plain language generally, and telling
somewhere why he prefers the silence
of the meeting for worship rather than
any solitude of wood or wild where
Nature speaks to him with a thousand
voices and catches him with a thousand
hands, yet he dresses so nearly like men
of the world in cut and color that only
practiced eyes could detect the slight
difference in the shape of his coat, and
his feelings about such matters are en-
tirely liberal. When his little niece
wanted the scarlet cape that other chil-
dren wore, and there was objection in
the house on account of the Quaker
custom, Mr. Whittier insisted that she
should be gratified, although, sooth to
say, poet as he is, he himself can not
tell red from green till sunlight falls
upon it. Once, indeed, the library fire,
of which he is so fond, having damaged
the border of the wall-paper, he matched
the pattern and triumphantly replaced
it before detection, only to learn that
he had substituted for the green vine
one of bright autumnal crimson. Yet
so strong is the poet's imagination that
this defect of vision is nowhere evident
in his work, although one might gather
there that while, as he says, "his eye
was beauty's powerless slave," yet light
and shade please him more than variety
and depth of hue.—HARRIET PRES-
COTT SPOFFORD, in Harper's Maga-
zine for January.

Oscar Wilde's new book, "Impres-
sions of America," will be eagerly read
by all who assist to make the poet's
trip so decidedly pleasant. His im-
pression of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is
a matter of little consequence, as the
public have already pronounced it the
remedy for coughs and colds par ex-
cellence.

"ARE you going to hear Amey?"
she asked as soon as he had laid aside
his three dollar overcoat and ten cent
cap. "I am afraid I cannot, Ah me!"
he responded sadly. She had been
practicing on the name two hours day
since the season opened. They never
speak, as they pass by, now.—Detroit
Free Press.

Should you be a sufferer from dyspepsia,
indigestion, malaria, or weakness, you can
be cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.
Toccoa, Ga.—Dr. J. P. Newman
says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popu-
lar, and their use always results satisfac-
torily." BALTIMORE, Md.—Rev. W. H. Chapman
says: "I deem Brown's Iron Bitters the most
valuable tonic for general ill-health."

DR. HUFELAND'S
GERMAN PILE REMEDY
will almost invariably cure the worst cases,
and has not failed in a single instance
when it has been used in accordance with
the printed instructions around each
box. PRICE 50 CENTS.

FOR SALE AT—
ALL LEADING DRUG STORES,
JANUARY.

**STOP THAT COUGH! TAKE
HASSON'S COMPOUND
SYRUP OF TAR.**
It is the most pleasant and efficacious
remedy for the cure of Colds, Coughs,
Soreness of the Throat and Lungs,
Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Whooping
Cough, and all diseases tending to Pul-
monary Consumption.

SOD FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS.
TRY IT!
Large Bottle, 50c. and \$1. Small, 35c.
DR. W. A. COX'S
IMPROVED
Santonine Worm Syrup
A perfectly safe, pleasant and very reliable
article for expelling worms. Easy to take,
never fails, and requires no after physic.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

**DR. HUFELAND'S
GERMAN PILE REMEDY**
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and has not failed in a single instance
when it has been used in accordance with
the printed instructions around each
box. PRICE 50 CENTS.

FOR SALE AT—
ALL LEADING DRUG STORES,
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HASSON'S COMPOUND
SYRUP OF TAR.**
It is the most pleasant and efficacious
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ALL LEADING DRUG STORES,
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Middletown Advertisements

**Don't go shivering through the
cold weather for want of a
good, warm Overcoat, it
will not pay.
We have them in all grades,
from the plainest—low in price
—to the finest.**

A. C. YATES & CO.,
Ledge Building, Chestnut and Sixth Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Sept 4m

FRUIT CAKE
OVER 800 POUNDS
—OF—
FRUIT CAKE
—NOW READY AT—
HOPKINS' BAKERY.

THE HIGH STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE
and the extremely low Price of our Fruit
Cake have so increased its sale that during
the past two Holiday seasons we were unable
to supply the demand; but we think we have
now on hand to meet the needs of our
customers. But, if you would be sure of
having your orders filled you should not de-
lay in placing them.

A Trial of our Fruit Cake
WILL CONVINCE YOU OF ITS
EXCELLENCE.

GEORGE S. HOPKINS,
East Main St., near Broad,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.
dec 14-4f

REGISTER'S OFFICE.
NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL.
November 20th, 1883.
Upon the application of Harrison Van-
dergrift, Administrator of Thos. C. Eaton, late
of said county, in said county, de-
ceased, it is ordered and directed by the
Register that the Administrator do give
notice of granting of Letters of Ad-
ministration upon the estate of the deceased,
with the date of such Letters in six of the
most public places of the county of New
Castle, requiring all persons having demands
against the estate to present the same, or
claim by an Act of Assembly in such man-
ner and provided; and also cause the same
to be inserted within the same period in the
Middleton Transcript, a newspaper pub-
lished in Middleton and to be continued
therein two months.

Given under the hand and Seal of Office of
the Register aforesaid, at Wilmington, Del.
New Castle county aforesaid, the day and
year above written. S. C. BIGGS, Register.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against
the estate of the deceased must present the
same to the Administrator on or before Nov. 30th, 1884, or abide the Act of
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H. VAN DERGRIFT, Administrator.
Address—McDONOUGH, dec 7-2m

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Middletown Advertisements

JUST RECEIVED!
A LARGE STOCK OF
Fall and Winter Goods
New Dress Goods,
In the latest styles, which have been selected
from the centres of Fashion with
an aim to combine utility
and beauty.

The Notion Department
Has received great attention, and has
been refitted with a
FRESH AND TASTEFUL STOCK.
From which we can supply every want
in a manner which we guar-
antee will please.

**In Gentlemen's Furnish-
ing Goods**
Our reputation is well established.
AS WE MAKE NECKTIES A GREAT SPE-
CIALTY, HAVING ALL THE LATEST
AND NOBBY STYLES
—Direct from New York.

In Clothing
WE CAN GIVE YOU A READY-MADE SUIT
OR TAKE YOUR MEASURE AND
HAVE IT MADE TO ORDER
From a Full Line of
CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, SUITINGS
Which we have constantly in stock.

CARPETS!
LAMP, QUEENSWARE, WOODENWARE,
GLASSWARE, TINWARE, HARDWARE,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, MIRRORS, TRUNKS,
GONNERS, CUMMERBANDS,
And everything, in fact, that is kept in a
First-class, Well Regulated Store
in a live town.

GROCERIES.—We merely mention, as we
sell them for the accommodation of our cus-
tomers, at prices very little above cost.

M. L. HARTCASTLE,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

BOOTS, SHOES
—AND—
RUBBERS,
BIG AND LITTLE, GREAT
AND SMALL,
AT THE STORE OF THE UNDERSIGNED.

Our Boot Stock never so large as at the
present time.
Prices for Men's Coarse Boots,
\$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

I also have a hand-made, white-oak
tanned upper, guaranteed to wear
satisfactorily for \$4.00.
Also a double upper, water-proof, hand
made, for \$4.25.

**LADIES', MISSES' AND
CHILDREN'S**
Fine Kid and Pebbles
In endless styles and quantity.

Our prices are sure to please you!
We can fit your feet to a T!
If you don't believe it you know where
we are!
Drop in any day and C!

Custom Work and Repairing
A SPECIALTY.
J. C. STUART,
No. 1 TOWN HALL,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.
May 24-4f

Jefferson B. Foard,
Grain Commission Merchant,
and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
**COAL,
LIME, FERTILIZERS,**

AND
Agricultural Implements,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Sole Agent for
**D. M. OSBORN'S
SELF-BINDING HARVESTER,**
Six and Seven and Eight Foot Cut.
Mowers and Reaping Machines.

See the OSBORN NEW BINDER,
No 12, best in the world.
I have also for Sale the celebrated
OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS,
THOMAS HORSE RAKES,
Alman & Taylor's ENGINES AND
THRASHERS, and the LADOW
DISC HARROW.

Call and examine goods at my ware-
house, opposite National Hotel.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE Paid
for Grain at all times.
Feb 16-4f

ISAAC JONES & CO.,
Grain Dealers
Middletown, Delaware.

Wm. Lea & Sons,
BRANDYWINE MILLS
Highest Market Price
PAID FOR GRAIN,
On Cheasapeake and Delaware Waters
OR ON DELAWARE R. R.
And its Connections.
And Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
**COAL LIME FLOUR,
FEED, SEEDS,
FERTILIZERS,**
Agricultural Implements, &c.

George M. D. Hart,
Grain
Commission Merchant,
and Dealer in
COAL, LIME, FERTILIZERS, &c.
TOWNSEND, DEL.

Highest market price paid for Grain de-
livered at stations on the Delaware Railroad
and branches. Also, at water landings.
Jan 1-4f

Town Lots for Sale